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KENNETH B. WARNER, EDITOR

October 7, 1947

Dr. L. S. H. Baird
939 South Union Avenue
Los Angeles 15, California

Dear Hillegas:

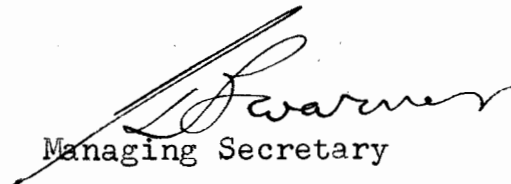
We still can't give you any line on Matty. One report is that he is still in Indianapolis working for the Navy. Another is that he is in the business of pre-fabricated houses in Indianapolis. I believe that if you addressed him care of Burton Browne, 610 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, marking the letter "Please Forward," it would probably be sent on to him.

When Kruse left the League he bought a farm on the Connecticut shore and hung out his shingle as a consulting engineer from that address. He has since worked as an engineer for various firms. He still lives on the farm and his mail address is East River, Madison, Conn. He is at present working for Cardwell in Plainville, Conn., and commutes. During the war he did engineering work for a Connecticut firm making crystals. A letter should reach him at the above address.

Thanks for your letter. I was glad to hear from you. I hope that all is well with you.

73.

Sincerely yours,


Managing Secretary

KBW:ma

939 S. Union Av.
L. A. 15
Oct. 16

Dear Herb,

The over and the enclosed may be of some interest.

I borrowed Chromy's copy of the IRE yearbook and am mostly surprised by the names missing, e. g., Kruse, Wundrich, Storm, Beard, et al.

Well, my new gal, the little widow, from up S. F. way, was down and spent the long week-end with me, Monday being also a holiday. All I need now is an apt. The wife, or gal-to-be-a-wife, is easy to get, but try and get an apt.--try! I suppose I'll be stuck for a black-market bonus.

I am rather interested in making a permanent connection. I am becoming an ageing Don Juan, a ridiculous character after all; and of course the effectiveness of such individuals is based upon their final complete grasp of the psychology of seduction. Yes, when one is perfected in the art, one has reached about the limits of his physical resources. Such is the irony of life, always. I want to stop up short now, for in my class, evens, at City College, where I am getting a little 'scope technique in microbiology--to help me teach it days--is a Spanish speaking wench, with whom I've had one tussle in the stock room off the lab, and her eyes keep telling me, "Come and get it if you can." And I know I can.

I expect my teaching to go on at least through the post-war boom. Later, I am still concerned with ~~the~~ practice in a small desert town, my original objective in studying this work. Not the night-life, but only the educational institutes have attracted me and held me to the Big City.

I trust you are getting on pretty well.

Regards,

Loy

Arnold,
Time art. "mostly in mind."